INSTRUCTIONS

TO

VANDER BANK,

A Sequel to the Advice to the Poets:

A

POEM,

Occasion'd by the Glorious Success of Her Majesty's ARMS, under the Command of the Duke of *MARLBOROUGH*, the last Year in *Flandres*.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Instructions to Vander Bank, *&c.*

HAve all thy Bards, *Britannia*, ſpent their Vein?
Not one rich Genius left that can ſuſtain
Th' expenſive Task of *Marlbro*'s laſt Campaign?
Ruin'd by Conqueſts do they pray for Peace,
That the hard Taxes on the Muſe may ceaſe?
Then, Artiſt, who doſt Nature's Face expreſs
In Silk and Gold, and Scenes of Action dreſs;
Doſt figur'd Arras animated leave,
Spin a bright Story, or a Paſſion weave;
By mingling Threads canſt mingle Shade and Light,
Delineate Triumphs, or deſcribe a Fight;
Do thou relate the Hero's Toil, record
The Train of new Events, that crown'd his hardy Sword.
Since Thou wilt ſome Illuſtrious Patron need,
If *A N N* propitious Smile, Thou muſt ſucceed:
Her High Command inſpir'd with Martial Flame
The Warrior's Breaſt. She by her pow'rful Name
Prepar'd half-beaten Foes to yield the Day,
And for advancing Vict'rys made the Way.
Belgiam attend; and from thy noble Loom
Let the Great Chief Auguſt in Triumph come:
For *Blenheim*'s lofty Walls the Work deſign,
In every Piece let Art and Labour ſhine;
Let Glorious Deeds the *Briton*'s Palace crown,
Not thoſe of antient Heroes, but his own;
In the bright Series of his Story ſhow
What *Albion*, what Mankind to *Marlbro*' owe.
I only rude Materials can ſuggeſt,
Some by thy Art too hard to be expreſt;
Chuſe what is proper, and neglect the reſt.
If thou with Care, and that thy Genius may
Improve theſe Hints, refine this crude Eſſay;

Thou may'ſt Illuſtrious laſting Scenes contrive,
At leaſt the Work will by its Subject live.
Let the firſt Labour on this lofty Theme
Expreſs the Chief on *Scalda*'s wondring Stream:
From him that Flood immortal Fame derives,
Rivals the *Danube*, and with *Dola* ſtrives.
Deſcribe his Steed, not patient of the Rein,
Champing his Foam, and bounding on the Plain;
Arch his high Neck, and graceful ſpread his Mane.
Give ample Noſtrils breathing inbred Fire,
Eyes that confeſs the generous Mare and Sire:
Such Life and Pride, as in the Race appear,
Which Great *Arabian* Lords, and *Perſian* Monarchs bear.
But with their chief Delight our Eyes to feed,
Mount the brave Leader on his manag'd Steed.
Give him a noble Seat, a Martial Mein,
Scornful of Danger. and in Arms ſerene:
Let his Right Hand his Sword vindictive ſway,
Graſp'd with vaſt Strength, and ſpreading dreadful Day,
By which the Tyrant Monſters are ſubdu'd,
Who ſurfeited with Spoil, and riotous in Blood,
Oppreſſion's howling Wilderneſs defend,
And Deſolation's empty Realms extend.
The Looks of Juſtice to the Warrior give,
Where Wrath and Mercy for Dominion ſtrive.
Intrepide Ardour well to *Gallia* known,
A Courtier Hero's Grace the mighty *Briton*'s own.
When you expreſs the Leader's Face and Eyes,
Studious with daring Labour to ſurprize,
Cou'd you with inwrought Glory charm the Sight,
And interwoven Threads of labour'd Light,
You might ſucceed, and do the Conqueror Right.
Let Fame and Victry, in inferior Sky,
Hover with balanc'd Wings, and ſmiling fly.
Above his Head, and on his Function wait,
Aſſiduous to pronounce *Europa*'s Fate.
On adverſe Banks of *Scalda*'s Silver Tide,
Delineate *Gallia*'s Military Pride;

Expreſs

Expreſs the Cohorts cov'ring all the Plain,
Thick as the Waves that ſpread the troubled Main.
Show them advancing ſwift to *Gaula*'s Walls,
Where *Leſia*'s Current into *Scalda* falls:
Till *Marlbro*'s Marches did their Speed out do,
And ſtopt their Progreſs, to ſuſtain the Foe.
So when a Stag, the Glory of the Wood,
Of beautous Limbs, and branching Antlets proud,
Hears the ſhrill Horn, and hallowing Huntſman's Crys,
Ring thro the Foreſt, and embroil the Skys;
He in experienc'd airy Feet ſecure,
Liſtens and mocks the Foe's collected Pow'r.
The Noiſe augments; then fleeter than the Wind
He flys, and leaves the clamorous Bland behind:
Till ſpent, he ſtands at Bay, he turns his Face,
And to a Fight decrees to change the Chace;
Determined he expects th' invading War,
Reluctant ſtays, and combates from Deſpair.
O *Belgian*, work a Piece by this Cartone,
And be this Picture by thy Art out done.
For confluent Nations ſpread a ſpacious Loom,
And give the mighty Hoſt ſufficient room;
Where more Brigades form each extended Wing,
Than *Eaſtern* Monarchs to the Combate bring:
Show the wide Van, th' unmeaſurable Rear,
Immoderate Terror, and exuberant War.
Here let the Flow'r and Strength of *Spain* advance,
And there the *Belgian* Slaves that courted *France*.
Let the *Helvian* Martial Yout compoſe
The threatning Front, fierce mercenary Foes
Who trade in Blood and Rapine, let the *Gaul*
Back to the Rear, a ſafer Station, fall.
Show how the Chief ſprung ardent to the Fight,
In Arms refulgent, as Meridian Light;
And, if the Loom this Labour will allow,
The Hero in diſtinct Compartments ſhow, (Foe.
Supporting here his Friends, and breaking there the
Let him in every Place ſurprize the Sight,
As if diſpers'd and multiply'd in Fight:

As if the Leader, watchful to protect
His Squadrons, did Ubiquity affect.
Here let him ſtand, intrepid and ſedate,
Diſpenſing high Commands, the Meſſages of Fate:
There let his Arms his reeking Fauchion weild,
Triumph in Slaughter, and pollute the Field
With glorious Spoil, while like the fabled God
Of War, thro thick embattled Deaths he rode:
Let him the Vale with Rout and Ruin fill,
Lik Torrents ruſhing from an *Alpine* Hill;
Or a high Wind, that o'er the Deſart ſweeps,
Lays waſt the Woods, and rolls the Sand in Heaps:
Where his deſtructive Sword the Foe purſu'd,
Expreſs the Lanes the glittring Feller hew'd
Wide, as the Openings in a waſted Wood.
Let Streams of Blood the Victor's Wrath atteſt,
A Purple Vintage from the Slain expreſt.
Show Warriors quiv'ring in the Pangs of Death,
Rolling their Eyes, and gaſping out their Breath:
While ſcatter'd Arms, and Horſe and Horſemen ſlain,
And ignominious Medly ſpread the Plain.
Weave Deſolation, let prodigious Waſt,
And Tracks of Death mark where the Victor paſt,
As Conflagrations are by Ruins trac'd.
On a new Scene attentive Care beſtow,
A Princely Youth in poliſh'd Armour ſhow:
Let him advance, and as a Seraph bright,
Raviſh at once, and terrify the Sight.
Place him conſpicuous midſt the hoſtile Troops,
Hanover's Pride, and *Albion*'s diſtant Hopes:
Whoſe early Deeds and bloſſoming Renown;
To wondring *Europe* have the Hero ſhown;
With brave Impatience let him ſeek the Fight,
Eager of Fame, and trembling with Delight.
As when the Eaglet, whom the Parent trys,
Not us'd to ſoar, nor conſcious of the Skys,
Againſt the brigheſt Radiance of the Sun
Mount bold, and makes the genuine Offspring known:

So

So the you Hero's Eyes undazled bear
The Beams of Glory, and the Blaze of War.
Thro glittring Deaths, Storms of exploded Flame,
Ardent aſpires to the bright Mark of Fame,
And makes his firſt Effort his high Deſcent proclaim.
Show how he flew intrepid on the Foe,
Plung'd deep amidſt the Files, and forc'd hi Paſſage thro.
How the great Youth with Veteran Captains vy'd,
What Trophys crown'd a Sword till then untry'd:
So a young Lyon, of his matchleſs Pow'r
Yet ignorant, but grown for Fight mature,
If he by Chance a ſhaggy Bear deſcrys,
Determin'd to the Combate rapide flys;
Laſhing his Sides he roars, and from afar,
Thro ecchoing Hills, denounces dreadful War.
An eaſy Conqueſt crown his firſt Campaign;
The Yellow Warrior, Maſter of the Plain,
Now in his vaſt diſcover'd Strength ſecure,
Wonders, and grieves he prov'd it not before.
Then let *Germania*'s Angel, and his Own,
Each bearing high a Shield and Laurel Crown,
Fly watchful o'er his Head, with one to guard
His Life, with one his Valour to reward.
Artiſt record, how fair *Britannia*'s Iſle,
When firſt ſhe heard th Youth's adventrous Foil,
Scarce pleas'd with Glory from too daring Fight,
Felt proffer'd Joy ſuſpended by Affright:
While her tall Oaks ſhake on the Mountain's Brow,
And refluent Streams their Conſternation ſhow.
Work a new Piece, deſcribe the *Gallic* Pow'rs
Quitting the Field to reach *Gandava*'s Tow'rs;
Affright and Horror in their Looks expreſs
Finiſh'd Confuſion, and the laſt Diſtreſs.
Form pale Amazement's undiſſembled Air,
And the wild Features of extreme Deſpair:
Show how their Gen'rals, to reſtore the Fight,
Confirm their Legions, and prevent their Flight,
Aſham'd, enrag'd and griev'; did theſe upbraid,
Encourage thoſe, ſome threaten, ſome perſuade.

But how their fruitleſs Accents beat th Air?
What Words can charm inexorable Fears?
Can Terror liſten? Can Diſtraction hear?
Show how the *Gauls* diſorder'd Cohors fled,
Expreſs their Anguiſh, an perplexing Dread;
While Horſe and Foot ſtrove each to have the Van,
And Chiefs, Companions of the private Man,
Promiſcuous Shame, diſregimented ran.
So, when incumbent Tempeſts preſs the Deep,
And rouſe the frighted Billows from their Sleep,
The liquid Legions crouding fly ſo faſt,
And ſhove each other with ſuch headlong haſt,
That ſometimes they are rid, and ſometimes ride,
By turns exalt their Heads, by turns ſubſide,
O'erwhelm each other, and diſtreſs the Tide.
The mighty General, whom the *Gauls* adore,
To *Belgia*'s Plains call'd from *Auſonia*'s Shore,
Gallia's declining Empire to reſtore,
To teach her Troops new Laurels to acquire,
And in their Breaſts rekindle Martial Fire,
Reluctant fled, in adverſe Fortune great,
Caught in the Eddy of his Monarch's Fate.
He blam'd the Stars, that on his Conduct frown'd,
And *Marlbro*, thy Superior Genius own'd.
So a fierce Boar, on *Mauritania*'s Plain,
The Lion's Fury does a while ſuſtain,
Till torn and ſunk with vaſt Expence of Blood,
He quits the Field, and ſeeks the ſhelt'ring Wood;
He grinds his Teeth, impatient of Defeat,
Indignant foams, fain wou'd the War repeat,
Looks back and threatens in his ſour Retreat.
Then ſhow the Conqueror in another Scene,
Protecting with his Arms the brave *Eugene*;
While he the matchleſs Strength of *Liſle* aſſail'd,
And o'er her haughty Towr'rs with loud applauſe pre-
Witneſs ye ſix times twenty thouſands *Gauls*, (vail'd,
Who when advanc'd near *Lilla*'s lofty W'als
To face the Foe, were honour'd with the Sight
Of the brave Cohorts, which you felt in Fight: Wit-

Witneſs ye Generals, and ye Princes, proud
Of Veins diſtended with Imperial Blood,
For your Spectators of the Action ſtood.
Next let the Chief advance to *Scalda*'s Banks,
To drive th' unactive *Gaul*, whoſe warlike Ranks
Spread thick as Locuſts, on the adverſe Side,
Did in their Guardian Flood, and high-rais'd Works confide.
'Tis done; for when their Outgaurds ſaw from far
The *Briton*'s Arms, and cry'd, for Fight prepare;
The boaſtful Warrious Hearts inglorious melt,
And ſtruck with his Approach, their well-known Paſſion felt.
Aſſur'd no more, while *Marlbro*'s Sword invades,
By Rivers, Lines, and numberleſs Brigades;
As Terror dictates, they direct their Flight,
Spread all the Plain with Marks of wild Affright,
And ignominuous Rout, but none of Fight,
Let *Churchill* next his Conquering Cohorts lead,
To ſave *Bruſſella*, fair *Brabantia*'s Head:
To break the united Arms of *France* and *Spain*,
And make the Threats of proud *Bavaria* vain.
Show how the Foe the *Scheld*'s Contagion caught,
Gave cheap Renown, and left the Field unfought:
And how the *Boian* Prince, enrag'd to find
The Laurels blaſted for his Brow deſign'd,
With troubled Pride, and Anguiſh in his Eyes,
Chac'd a third time before the *Briton* flys:
He curs'd the Victo who his Arms repel'd,
And cruel Fate, that ſtill Succeſs withheld,
But more the Coward and Guardians of the *Scheld*.
So when a rav'ning Wolf has long patrol'd,
And found at length a Place to leap the Fold,
He ſeems already of his Prey poſſeſt,
And licks his Jaws preluding to the Feaſt:
If then the Maſter Shepherd with his Band
Arrives their brandiſh'd Weapons in their Hand,
The prowling Robber ſhuns unequal Fight,
And grins, and growls, and rages in his Flight.
While *Gallia*'s canton'd Troops inglorious reſt,
With conſtant Flights, and long unactive Toil oppreſt,

O *Britain*! thy Great Chief his Eaſe denys,
Patient of Labour and inclement Skys,
Still with new Ardour, to new Conqueſt flys.
Here freſh Materials for the Loom prepare,
And weave a cold white Winter-Piece of War.
Ev'n then a Bloom of ſpreading Glory ſhow
And verdant Laurels forc'd from Beds of Snow.
Confed'rate Pow'rs of *Flandria*, *Gallia*, *Spain*,
A numerous Army deſtin'd to ſuſtain
Th' Invading Foe, did *Ganda*'s Walls maintain.
Much in their Lines, and in the River's Tide,
Much in their Chiefs and Numbers they conſide,
But more they truſted to th' intemperate Air,
And growing Rigour of th' expiring Year:
They hop'd that Tempeſts, arm'd with Snow and Sleet,
Winds, that from *Hyperborean* Mountains beat
With furious Wings the bleak untrodden Plain,
And Chryſtal Deſarts of the frocen Main,
That all the embattled Meteors wou'd conſpire
To charge and force the *Briton* to retire.
In vain —— ev'n then the Hero undiſmay'd,
Advanc'd his Enſigns, and his wrath diſplay'd:
Againſt perfidious *Ghent* his Batt'ry rear'd,
And Winter-Thunder for her Walls prepar'd,
The *Gallic* Generals ſaw, and *Marlbro*'s Arms rever'd
To pay due Honour to their Royal Head
Burgundia's Lord, they in his Footſteps tread,
Of *Gallic* Blood Effuſion to decline,
Yeild without Combate, and the Town reſign.
How *Marlbro*'s Deeds ring thro the *Belgian* Skys!
How ſwift their Terror propagated flys!
How ſoon it reach'd the liſtning Towns around!
How *Bruges* Turrets trembled at the Sound!
How frighted, how amaz'd her Warriors ſtood,
Their Sinews ſlacken'd, and congeal'd their Blood!
Show, Artiſt, how their Cohorts, wing'd with Fear,
Fled from the Foe, e'er yet he did appear.
Thus *Churchill* ſends abroad a conquering Name,
And wounds at diſtance by his miſſive Fame.

So

So oft when Storms from *Barbary's* Sun-burnt Soil,
Advance impetuous, and the Deep embroil,
The flying Waves th' Infection swift convey,
And with their pannic Dread distract *Hesperia's* Sea,
Which rolls and works beneath a Sky serene,
Disturb'd by VVinds unheard, and wrathful Clouds unseen.
Then show how *Burga's* Counsellers, of State,
And Lords deputed, on the *Briton* wait,
To make their low Submission, and implore
His Mercy to protect them from his Pow'r.
The Hero's Triumphs equal thus appear,
Crowning alike each Season of the Year;
Ev'n Winter's self, whose frozen hoary Head
Was ne'er before with Martial Honours spread,
For want of Deeds Illustrious can't complain,
Sharing the Glory of this Great Campaign.
An Arch of Triumph in another Piece,
Artist, contrive, like those of *Rome* or *Greece*.
VVhat Master-Sculptors from in Basse Relieve,
Do thou in bold expressive Figures weave.
Let Horsemen first in long Procession bear
Unnumber'd Ensigns, high display'd in Air,
The Glorious Trophys of successful VVar:
Bavaria's Standards, Emblems of the Fall
Of Neighbour Power's that aid the faithless *Gaul*;
False *Flandria's* Colours and *Castilia's* Pride,
And with thy VVarriors Blood, vain King, thy Lillys dy'd.
Next let the Train that bear the Spoils of *France*,
Augment the Triumph, and in Turn advance;
Describe them lab'ring with th' unweildy Prize,
Their tortur'd Sinews, and their starting Eyes:
Let them beneath their rich Oppression bow,
And seem to groan and stagger as they go.
Shew how the Throng with Hands upheld adore
Justice Divine, that has, by *ANNA's* Pow'r,
Compel'd the *Gaul* his Rapine to restore:
That has aveng'd the injur'd Realms around,
Restrain'd licentious Might, and proud Ambition bound.

In

In a high Car the laurel'd Victor place,
Drawn by the nobleſt ſteeds of *Belgick* Race;
Thro deep applauding Crowds on either ſide
Sublime, yet unelated, let him ride.
The ſeraph Chiefs ſuch Moderation ſhew'd,
When to the Gates of Hell their Hoſt purſu'd
The Rebel powers, and thro th' unlightſom way
Return'd in Triumph to the Coaſts of day.
Of various Nations let a confluent Throng
Hang on his Wheels, as ſlow they roll along:
Let them, like crouding Waves, each other preſs,
And ſtrain their eager Eyes to ſee and bleſs.
Add to the Martial Pomp an endleſs Train
Of Warrior Slaves that drag the Conqueror's Chain.
Let Lords and Chiefs, impatient of diſgrace,
With haughty Grief and melancholy Pace,
With ſcornful, ſullen ſhame their Fetters wear,
And pant amidſt the Croud behind the Hero's Car.
Let high *Auguſta*'s Sons tranſported meet,
And with loud Joy th' advancing Victor greet;
And let her Speaker, for ſuperior Senſe
Renown'd, as well as Charming Eloquence,
A while the Progreſs of the Triumph ſtay,
While he *Auguſta*'s Thanks does to the Conqu'ror pay.
Then let the Bards in humble manner ſtand,
With Diſtichs, Sonnets, Prologues in their Hand,
In *Marlbro*'s Praiſe: 'Tis all, alas! we know
That from their dry exhauſted Springs can flow.
Let all the Pomp of Decoration grace
The high Pillaſters, and the Structure's Face;
Let curious Motto's, Hieroglyphic Art,
And myſtic Emblems ſhine on every Part.
Here Liberty in all her Heav'nly Charms,
With her gay Offspring plenty in her Arms,
With humble Geſture, and a chearful Grace,
May Homage pay, and *Marlbro*'s Feet embrace;
Who broke her Chains, reſtor'd her Rights Divine,
And in her native Beautys bid her ſhine.

There

There, to extend the *Briton*'s juſt Renown,
Show dungeons open'd, priſons broken down,
Fetters and Chains in heaps neglected thrown:
Which late tormented Slaves and Captives wore,
But, O auſpious Day! ſhall wear no more.
Let ſhouting Throngs of theſe late reſcu'd Slaves,
Frequent as ſailing Clouds, or rolling VVaves;
With Flow'rs and verdant Branches ſpread his Road,
And proſtrate kiſs the Ground their brave deliv'rer trod
Then raiſe in Piles the Gibbet, Rack and VVheel,
And all the Tortures wrought of Cord or ſteell;
Plenty of death, and Luxury of Pain,
VVhich Maſter Tyrants from their fertile Brain,
And curſt Projectors of deſtruction find,
Curious in Torment to afflict Mankind.
Let theſe congeſted Engines, ſet on fire
By *Marlbro*'s generous Hand, in Flames aſpire:
Let them as Fires of publick Joy ariſe,
VVith their applauded ruin fill the Skys,
To heav'n and Liberty a grateful Sacrifice.
Attempt another noble work, and raiſe
A lofty Column to the Hero's Praiſe.
VVhat tho *Auguſta*'s Sons, who ſtill reveal
In Liberty's defence an ardent Zeal,
Studious of Truth and Juſtice, ne'er adore
Thy Alters, *Rome*, nor, *Gaul*, thy lawleſs Pow'r,
Shou'd, as they ought, a ſtately Pillar rear,
That may the Victor's weight of Glory bear;
Be this allow'd, do thou thy Task purſue:
For ſhou'd not all the Arts conſpire to ſhew
To the great *Briton*'s Deeds the Honours due?
Then with the ſculptor and the Architect,
Artiſt, contend, and the proud Pile erect.
VVith *Marlbro*'s wondrous ſtory fill the ſpace
Between the Spires, which the high Column grace,
Aſcending to the ſummit from the Baſe.
Be firſt his ſwit and glorious Courſe expreſt,
VVhen he from *Belgia*'s Regions to the *Eaſt*

Tranſfer'd

Transfer'd the hardy War, did bold advance
To whelm the *Danube* o'ere the pride of *France*:
Thro distant Empires to extend the Fame
Of *Albion*'s Arms, and *ANNA*'s awful Name.
Immortal Deeds at *Schelenbrug* display;
The Miracles of *Blenheim*'s Glorious day,
Down all the Ebb of Time to Men unborn convey.
Next shew the Hero on *Ramillia*'s plain,
His deathless Laurels, and th' Illustrious Train
Of fam'd Events, which crown'd that Great Campaign.
The Wonders done at *Oudenard* repeat,
The *Briton*'s Triumphs, and the *Gaul*'s defeat;
The matchless Conduct and the hardy Toil,
That wrested from the Foe his darling *Lisle*;
The Honour won in passing *Scalda*'s Flood,
Brussella sav'd, and *Ganda*'s Tow'rs subdu'd.
The Angle of the Pedestal you'l grace
With Figures proper to adorn each place;
Chuse of the following which shall please you best,
If by the Loom all cannot be expresst,
Chain'd Tyranny expose, delineate well
The odious Features of this Fiend of Hell.
To form a Figure, horrible to Sight,
All *Scythia*'s Terrors *Lybia*'s plagues unite,
A dreadful Combination of Affright.
Give to her Eyes a red malignant Glare,
And let the Monster's threefold Head for Hair,
The Ornament of Fiends, long curling Vipers, wear.
Let them enrag'd their crested Necks erect,
And forked Deaths with cloven Tongues eject,
The Poets, who in Arms their *Pallas* dresst,
Had in their Fiction greater Art expresst;
If in her fatal Schield they had display'd
Fierce Tyranny's, and not the *Gorgon*'s Head.
Give her the surest VVeapons to destroy,
VVhich salvage Beasts, and rav'ning Birds imploy:
The dragon's Teeth, the Alligator's Jaws,
The Eagle's pounces, and the Lion's paws;

distend

Diſtend her hedious Belly with a Load
Of Limbs devour'd, and Seas of guiltleſs Blood.
On the next Corner, with ingenious pains,
Show vanquiſh'd Envy bound with brazen Chains;
Let her lean Face infernal Features wear,
A ſpleenful Aſpect, and a ſcornful Air:
With its laſt dregs let a black Jaundice taint
Her hateful Skin, and loathſom Viſage paint,
Make her fietce Eyes, like livid Flames of Hell,
Burn bloodſhot in their urns, and backward dwell,
Deep in their Caves, like Furys in their Cell.
Let her, with endleſs ſelf-tormenting Care,
Gnaw her own Heart, and her own Bowels tear:
Show how her Jaws her meagre Limbs devour,
Green Floods of Hemlock, Gall and VVormwood pour
Down her wide Throat, to poiſon every Vein,
Inflame her Boſom, and diſtract her Brain.
Show with what Rage the Captive Fury views
The ſpreading Laurels on the Victor's Brows;
VVhile ſhe, as pale and hideous as deſpair,
Gnaſhes her Teeth, and graſps her ſnaky Hair.
Next on the Baſe, diſſimulation bind,
A mild and courteous, but an odious Fiend;
VVo labours moſt to win us to believe
Her Vows unfeign'd when moſt ſhe wou'd deceive.
Give her a plain and unaffected Air,
VVell imitated Truth, and Eyes ſincere,
And dropping here and there a faithleſs Tear.
Expreſs her artful ſmiles, that hide the Art,
A Friendly manner that enſnares the Heart.
In her Right Hand a Monarch's Scepter place,
And her long Robe of State with Lillys grace;
Torn Treatys interweave, and ſolemn Leagues
Broke, or eluded by refin'd Intrigues:
She mocks the Faith that once did Princes bind,
As the baſe Vertue of a Vulgar Mind:
Masks with her ſacred Vows deliberate Fraud,
And to atteſt her Guilt dares invocate her God.

Expreſs

Expreſs Ambition next in Fetters bound,
Sunk from her tow'ring height, and grov'ling on the Ground.
Let thwarted pride ſit ſullen on her Brow,
And Indignation in her Eyeballs glow.
Let anxious Looks her inward Care attteſt,
And prove that deep deſigns are lab'ring in her Breaſt;
That warring Paſſions ſtrive within for vent,
Cruel Revenge, and haughty diſcontent:
Paſſions, that ſtill the Fury wakeful keep,
As turbulent as VVinds, and reſtleſs as the deep.
In ſome fit place let pleas'd Spactators ſee
The Marks of blaſted pomp, and ruin'd Dignity:
Rich purple Robes polluted, broken Crowns,
Fragments of Scepters, and ſubverted Thrones;
Sad VVrecks of Pow'r, which on th' Aſpiring wait
In troubled Empires, and in Storms of State.
Her adverſe Fate reluctant let her bear,
Her Fetters ſpurn, her Limbs in Anguiſh tear:
Shew how ſhe raves to find her pomp depreſs'd,
Her Foes exalted, and her Frinds diſtreſs'd;
That ſhe compel'd muſt Spoils immenſe reſtore,
Acquir'd by fraud, or graſp'd by greedy power;
Contract her Fronter, and her Slaves releaſe,
And beg the Conqueror to preſcribe a Peace.

FINIS.

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